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and  
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# HYMNS AND TUNES

F O R

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T. NEWTON KURTZ,  
PUBLISHER, BOOKSELLER, AND STATIONER,  
No. 151 PRATT STREET.

1857.

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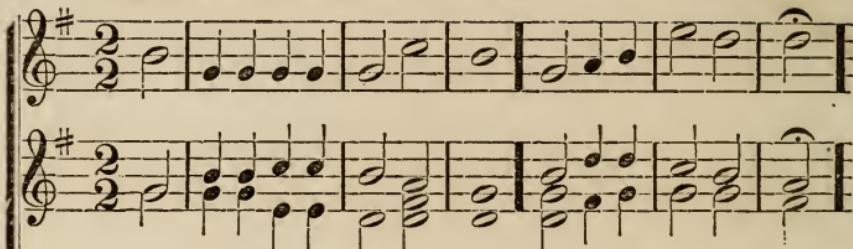
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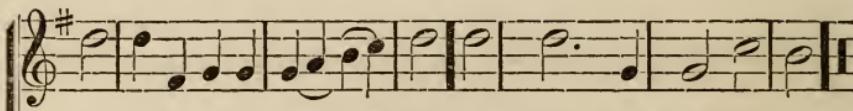
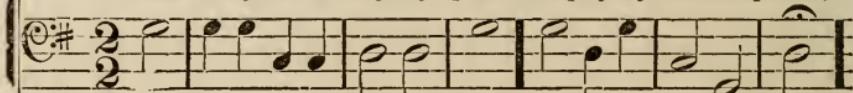
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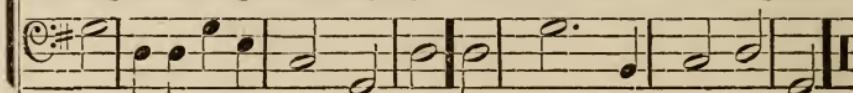
## PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



Lord of my life! O may thy praise Em-ploy my no-blest powers,



Whose goodness lengthens out my days And fills the cir - cling hours!



## C. M.

1 *Praise to God in the morning.*

1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise  
Employ my noblest powers,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days  
And fills the circling hours !

2 Preserved by thine Almighty arm,  
I pass the shades of night,  
Serene and safe from every harm,  
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I closed mine eyes  
And undisturb'd repose.

4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,  
     And I unconscious lay,  
     Thy watchful care was round my bed  
     To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same almighty care  
     My waking hours attend ;  
     From every trespass, every snare,  
     My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
     And guide my future days ;  
     And let thy goodness fill my soul  
     With gratitude and praise.

## 2

C. M.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
     Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
     Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
     To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats ;  
     The day renews the sound,  
     Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
     To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;  
     My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
     My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
     And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled  
     Since the last setting sun !  
     And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,  
     And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
     While I enjoy the light ;  
     Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
     And bring a peaceful night.

## LABAN. S. M.

"FROM SPIRITUAL SONGS."

See how the rising sun Pursues his shining way ; And wide proclaims his

## SECOND ENDING.

Maker's praise, With every bright'ning ray.

## 3

## S. M.

- 1 SEE how the rising sun  
Pursues his shining way ;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
Its Heavenly Parent sing ;  
And to its great Original  
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene, I laid me down  
Beneath his guardian care :  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near.

4 O how shall I repay  
     The bounties of my God ?  
     This feeble spirit pants beneath  
         The pleasing, painful load.

5 Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
     I bring my sacrifice :  
     Cleansed by thy blood, it shall ascend  
         With fragrance to the skies.

6 My life I would anew  
     Devote, O Lord, to thee ;  
     And in thy service I would spend  
         A long eternity.

## S. M.

**4** *Prayer for spiritual light.*

1 WE lift our hearts to Thee,  
     Thou Day-Star from on high ;  
     The sun itself is but thy shade,  
         Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams  
     Dispel the shades of night ;  
     And let the glories of thy love  
         Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now !  
     How dark and sad before !  
     With joy we view the pleasing change,  
         And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve  
     To mourn for errors past ;  
     And live this short revolving day  
         As if it were our last.



## UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth—and joyful rise To pay thy morning sa - cri - fice.

5

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth—and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept :  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

## 6

## L. M.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice  
     The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
     And like a giant doth rejoice  
         To run his journey through the skies.

2 O like the sun, may I fulfil  
     Th' appointed duties of the day ;  
     With ready mind, and active will,  
         March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
     Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;  
     Thy threatenings just—thy promise sure ;  
         Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
     And then receive me to thy bliss ;  
     All my desires and hopes beside  
         Are faint and cold compared with this.

## 7

## L. M.

*Morning.*

1 ARISE, my soul ! with rapture rise !  
     And, fill'd with love and fear, adore  
     The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
         Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power !  
     Not idly pass, or fruitless be ;  
     But may each swiftly flying hour  
         Still nearer bring my soul to thee !

3 But can it be, that Power divine  
     Is throned in light's unbounded blaze,  
     And countless worlds and angels join  
         To swell the glorious song of praise ?

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,  
     When I, poor abject mortal, pray ?  
     Yes, boundless goodness ! he will hear  
         Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve thee all my days,  
     And may my zeal with years increase ;  
     For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,  
         And all thy paths are paths of peace.

## MERIBAH. C. P. M.

MODERATO.

Once more my eyes be - hold the day,  
And

to my God my soul would pay  
Its tri - bu - ta - ry lays:

O may the life preserved by thee,  
With all its powers and blessings, be } De - vot-ed to thy praise.

8

## C. P. M.

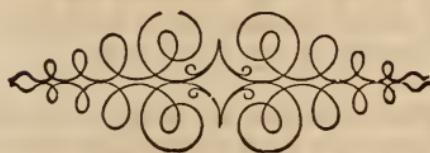
1 ONCE more my eyes behold the day,  
 And to my God my soul would pay  
 Its tributary lays :  
 O may the life preserved by thee,  
 With all its powers and blessings, be  
 Devoted to thy praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
 Israel's great keeper, King of kings,  
 My weary head found rest ;  
 No dire alarms, or racking pains,  
 Devouring flames, or galling chains,  
 Disturb'd my peaceful breast.

3 How many, since I laid me down,  
 Have launch'd into a world unknown,  
 To meet a dreadful doom !  
 While some on watery billows toss'd,  
 Or wandering on an unknown coast,  
 Have sigh'd in vain for home.

4 But, I am spared to see thy face,  
 A monument of saving grace,  
 And live to praise thy name ;  
 Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,  
 To keep and guide ;—and by thy word,  
 Peace to my soul proclaim.

5 Let me enjoy thy presence here,  
 In every storm my heart to cheer,  
 Till thou shalt bid me rise,  
 Where sin and sorrow never come  
 Till at my blest eternal home  
 I wake in sweet surprise.



**WILMOT.** 7s.

Arranged from WEBER.

A musical score for two voices. The top voice is in G major, common time, with a soprano vocal line. The bottom voice is in C major, common time, with an alto or basso continuo line. The lyrics "Thou that dost my life pro-long, Kind-ly aid my morn-ing song;" are written below the notes.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "Thankful from my couch I rise, To the God that rules the skies." are written below the notes.

9

7g.

- 1 THOU that dost my life prolong,  
Kindly aid my morning song;  
Thankful from my couch I rise,  
To the God that rules the skies.
- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;  
Thy preserving hand was nigh;  
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,  
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night,  
'Twas thy hand restored the light:  
Lord, thy mercies still are new,  
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;  
 O preserve me through the day  
 Dangers everywhere abound;  
 Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently with the dawning ray,  
 On my soul thy beams display;  
 Sweeter than the smiling morn,  
 Let thy cheering light return.

## 10

7s.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;  
 Now the morning light is come;  
 Lord, may I be thine to-day—  
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heavenly light,  
 Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;  
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
 Help me labour, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound—  
 Save me from my foes around;  
 Going out and coming in,  
 Keep me safe from every sin.

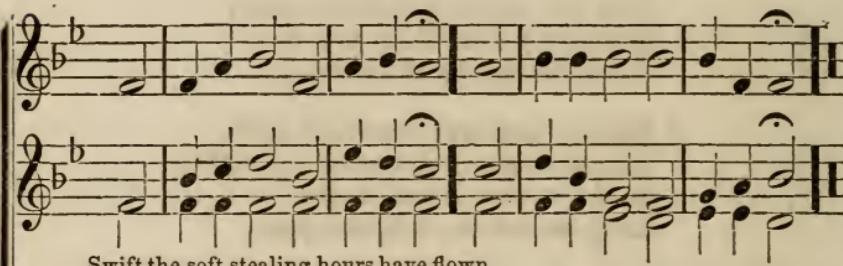
4 When my work of life is past  
 O receive me then at last!  
 Night of sin will be no more,  
 When I reach the heavenly shore.



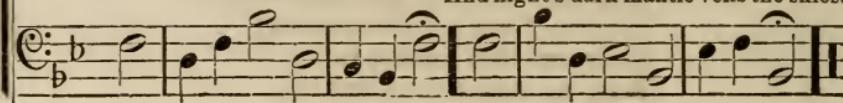
## HEBRON. L. M.



An - oth-er fleeting day has gone, Slow o'er the west the shadows rise,



Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,  
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.



## 11

## L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day has gone,  
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise,  
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,  
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day has gone,  
Swept from the records of the year;  
And still with each successive sun  
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day has gone,  
To tell thy secrets, O my soul;  
Faithful before th' eternal throne,  
Thy slightest folly 'twill enrol.

4 Another fleeting day has gone,  
     To join the fugitives before :  
     And I, when life's employ is done,  
         Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.

5 Another fleeting day has gone,  
     And soon a fairer day shall rise ;  
     A day whose never-setting sun  
         Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

6 Another fleeting day has gone :  
     In solemn silence rest, my soul ;  
     Bend—bend before his awful throne,  
         Who bids the morn and evening roll.

## 12

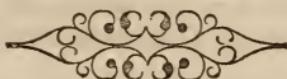
## L. M.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on ;  
     Thus far his power prolongs my days,  
     And every evening shall make known  
         Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
     And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
     But he forgives my follies past,  
         He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
     Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
     While well appointed angels keep  
         Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
     My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
     And wait thy voice to break my tomb,  
         With sweet salvation in the sound.



## ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

Dread Sovereign, let my evening song, Like ho-ly in-cense rise;  
As - sist the offering of my tongue To reach the lof-ty skies.

As - sist the offering of my tongue To reach the lof-ty skies.

## 13

C. M.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise ;  
Assist the offering of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still my guard ;  
And still to drive my wants away  
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around ;  
But O ! how few returns of love  
Hath my Redeemer found !
- 4 What have I done for him who died  
To save my guilty soul ?

Alas ! my sins are multiplied,  
Fast as my minutes roll !

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,  
Lord, to thy cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by thee.

14

C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before thy throne,  
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear  
To praises low as ours ?  
Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
As we before thee pray ;  
For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contentions cease ;  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace.

15

C. M.

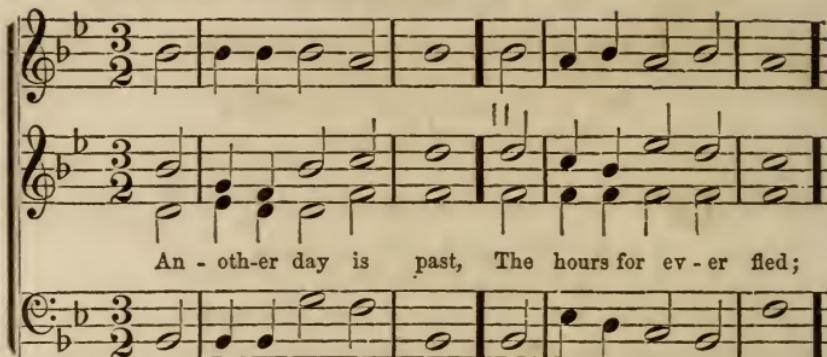
1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;  
I am for ever thine :  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and thee.

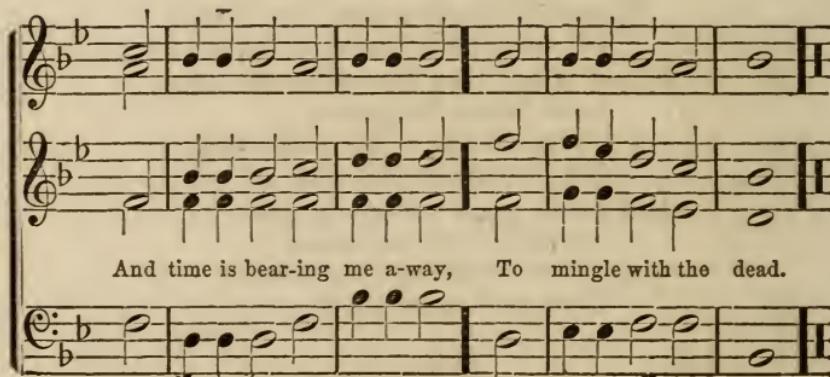
3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope rely  
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

## LISBON. S. M



An - oth-er day is past, The hours for ev - er fled;



And time is bear-ing me a-way, To mingle with the dead.

16

S. M.

1 ANOTHER day is past,  
The hours for ever fled ;  
And time is bearing me away,  
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace  
My Father's care shall keep ;  
I yield to gentle slumber now,  
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they  
On thee securely stay'd !  
Nor shall they be in life alarmed  
Nor be in death dismay'd.

17

S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
O may I ever keep in mind,  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,  
Secure from all my fears ;  
May angels guard me while I sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when I early rise,  
To view th' unwearied sun,  
May I set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 4 Lord, when my days are past,  
And I from time remove,  
O may I in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

18

S. M.

*Evening Thanksgiving.*

- 1 MY Maker and my King !  
To thee my all I owe ;  
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring  
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !  
A thousand reasons move,  
A thousand obligations bind  
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart,  
When all is thine before ?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;  
The gift, alas ! how poor !
- 4 O let thy grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine ;  
Let all my powers to thee aspire,  
And all my days be thine.

## HARWELL. 8s, 7s &amp; 7.

ANIMATED.

1. Saviour, breathe an ev'ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spirits seal:  
Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Tho' de - struc - tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly,  
Tho' destruction walk around us, Tho' the arrow past us fly,

Tho' de - struc - tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly,

Angels-guards from thee surround us, We are safe, if thou art nigh.

## 19 8s &amp; 7s.

2 THOUGH the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from thee :  
 Thou art He, who, never weary,  
 Watchest where thy people be ;  
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb ;  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in light and deathless bloom !

## 20 8s &amp; 7s.

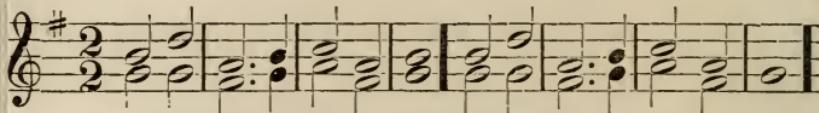
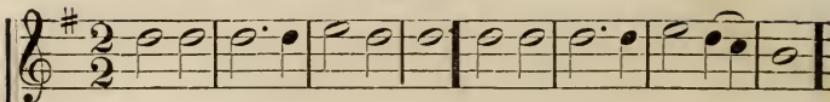
*The light of the world.*

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death !  
 Come, and by thy love revealing,  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath ;  
 Thou, the heaven and earth's Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise,  
 Scattering all the night of nature,  
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.  
 2 Save us, in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild, pacific Prince !  
 Give the knowledge of salvation ;  
 Give the pardon of our sins :  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burden'd soul release ;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

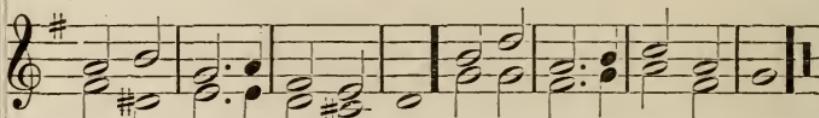
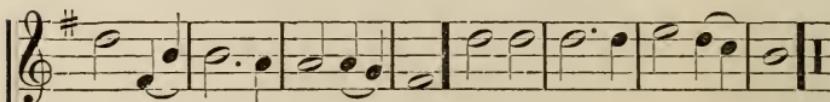
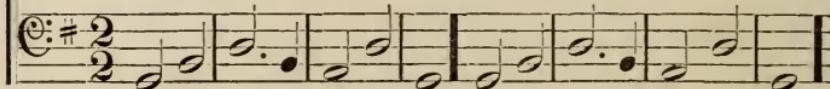
## 21 8s &amp; 7s.

1 PEACE be to this habitation,  
 Peace to all that dwell therein,  
 Peace the earnest of salvation,  
 Peace the fruit of pardon'd sin,  
 Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver,  
 Peace to worldly minds unknown,  
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,  
 Peace that comes from God alone.  
 2 Jesus, Prince of peace, be near us,  
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;  
 With thy gracious presence cheer us,  
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;  
 Raise to heaven our expectation,  
 Give our favour'd souls to prove  
 Glorious and complete salvation  
 In the realms of bliss above.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



What if death my sleep in-vade? Should I be of death a - fraid?



While en - cir - cled by thine arm, Death may strike, but cannot harm.



## 22

## 7s.

*Thoughts of death at night.*

- 1 WHAT if death my sleep invade?  
Should I be of death afraid?  
While encircled by thine arm,  
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 2 What if beams of opening day  
Shine around my breathless clay?  
Brighter visions from on high  
Shall regale my mental eye.
- 3 Tender friends a while may mourn  
Me from their embraces torn;  
Dearer, better friends I have  
In the realms beyond the grave.

4 See the guardian-angels nigh  
     Wait to waft my soul on high !  
     See the golden gates display'd !  
     See the crown to grace my head !

5 See a flood of sacred light,  
     Which no more shall yield to night !  
     Transitory world, farewell !  
     Jesus calls with him to dwell !

6 With thy heavenly presence blest,  
     Death is life, and labour rest :  
     Welcome sleep or death to me,  
     Still secure, for still with thee.

## 23

7s.

1 OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid  
     No one ever ask'd in vain,  
     Be this night about my bed,  
     Every evil thought restrain.

2 Lay thy hand upon my soul,  
     God of mine unguarded hours !  
     All mine enemies control,  
     Hell and earth, and nature's powers !

3 Loose me from the chains of sense,  
     Set me from the body free :  
     Draw with stronger influence  
     My unfetter'd soul to thee.

4 In me, Lord, thyself reveal,  
     Fill me with a sweet surprise ;  
     Let me thee, when waking, feel,  
     Let me in thine image rise.

## 24

7s.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day  
     Fades upon my sight away ;  
     Free from care—from labour free,  
     Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon, for me, the light of day  
     Shall for ever pass away ;  
     Then from sin and sorrow free,  
     Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

## ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love ! Thy gifts are every evening new ;

And morning mercies from a-bove Gen-tly dis-til like ear-ly dew.

25

L. M.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love !  
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
 And morning mercies from above  
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
 To thee I consecrate my days ;  
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

26

L. M.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,  
I safely pass'd the silent night;  
Again I see the breaking shade,  
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,  
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;  
My conscious soul resumes her power,  
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread,  
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze  
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,  
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;  
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,  
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,  
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;  
Thy light shall give eternal day,  
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

27

L. M.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
O Sun of righteousness divine!  
On me, with beams of mercy, shine;  
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,  
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labours close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And, as each morning sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 3 And, at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,  
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying-bed;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

## AZMON. C. M.

Arranged from GLASER.

**SLOW AND SOFT.**

Ho - san-na, with a cheerful sound, To God's up-hold-ing hand;

Ten thousand snares attend us round, And yet se - cure we stand.

28

C. M.

- 1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,  
To God's upholding hand ;  
Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power  
That raised us with a word ;  
And every day, and every hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The rising morn cannot assure  
That we shall end the day :  
For death stands ready at the door  
To hurry us away.
- 4 Our life is forfeited by sin  
To God's avenging law ;  
We own thy grace, immortal King,  
In every breath we draw.
- 5 God is our sun—whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings :  
Our feeble frame lies safe at night  
Beneath his shady wings.

## 29

## C. M.

- 1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,  
My waking thoughts attend ;  
In thee are founded all my hopes,  
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy boundless love surveys ;  
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares  
A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,  
With his protection blest,  
In peace and safety I commit  
My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in his hand secure,  
Fears no approaching ill ;  
For, whether waking or asleep,  
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

## 30

## C. M.

*God's presence is light.*

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,  
My dawning is begun :  
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers *I am his!*
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe ;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Should bear me conqueror through.

## WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-

come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

31

S. M.  
*The Sabbath welcomed.*

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 Jesus himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place  
     Where God my Saviour's been,  
     Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
     Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay  
     In such a frame as this,  
     Till call'd to rise, and soar away  
     To everlasting bliss.

## 32

S. M. .

1 JESUS, we look to thee,  
     Thy promised presence claim ;  
     Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
     Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,  
     Which here we come to prove ;  
     Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
     And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride  
     Or selfishness we meet ;  
     From nature's paths we turn aside,  
     And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet, the grace to take  
     Which thou hast freely given ;  
     We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
     That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,  
     But O thyself reveal ;  
     Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
     The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quickening voice  
     The death of sin remove,  
     And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
     In hope of perfect love.

## DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

ALLEGRETTO.

An - oth-er six days' work is done, An - oth-er

Sab - bath is be - gun: Re - turn, my soul, en-

joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God has blest.

## 33

L. M.

*The Lord's day.*

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun:  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 With joy, great God! thy works we view,  
In various scenes both old and new;  
With praise we think of mercies past,  
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures pass away:  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

## 34

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God! this sacred day of thine  
Demands the soul's collected powers;  
With joy we now to thee resign  
These solemn, consecrated hours:  
O may our souls adoring own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore;  
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
And where thou art intrude no more:  
O may thy grace our spirits move,  
And fix our minds on things above!
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
And bid thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart:  
Then shall the day indeed be thine:  
Our souls shall then adoring own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

## BARBY. C. M.

W.M. TANSUR.

Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;

To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;—

35

C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye;—
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,  
 To taste thy mercies there ;  
 I will frequent thine holy court,  
 And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness,  
 Make every path of duty straight,  
 And plain before my face.

## 36

C. M.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
 Awakes the kindling ray ;  
 Dispels the darkness of the night,  
 And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt  
 A sinful world in gloom !  
 O what a Sun, which broke, this day,  
 Triumphant from the tomb !

3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
 And loud hosannas sung ;  
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
 And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join  
 To hail this welcome morn,  
 Which scatters blessings from its wings  
 To nations yet unborn.

## 37

C. M.

1 COME, let us join with sweet accord  
 In hymns around the throne ;  
 This is the day our rising Lord  
 Hath made, and call'd his own.

2 This is the day which God has blest,  
 The brightest of the seven ;  
 Type of that everlasting rest  
 The saints enjoy in heaven.

## CARMARTHEN. H. M.

A-wake, our drow-sy souls, Shake off each sloth-ful band,  
The wonders of this day Our no - blest songs de-mand.

Aus - pi-cious morn! Thy bliss - ful rays Bright se-raphs

hail In songs of praise, Bright se - raphs hail In songs of praise.

## 38 H. M.

2 At thy approaching dawn,  
Reluctant death resign'd  
The glorious Prince of life,  
Its dark domains confined :  
Th' angelic host  
Around him bends,  
And 'mid their shouts  
The Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Heaven with hosannas rings ;  
While earth in humbler strains  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
Worthy art thou,  
Who once wast slain,  
Through endless years  
To live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,  
     Ascend thy conquering car ;  
     While justice, truth, and love  
         Maintain the glorious war ;  
     Victorious, thou  
         Thy foes shalt tread,  
     And sin and hell  
         In triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,  
     And wing th' unerring dart  
     With salutary pangs  
         To each rebellious heart.  
     Then dying souls  
         For life shall sue,  
     Numerous as drops  
         Of morning dew.

## 39

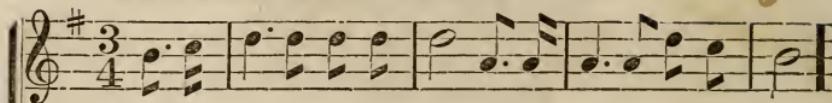
## H. M.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn !  
     Thou day of sacred rest ;  
     I hail thy kind return ;  
         Lord, make these moments blest.  
     From low delights,  
         And mortal toys,  
     I soar to reach  
         Immortal joys.

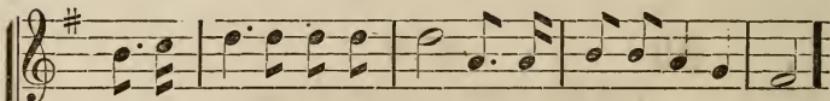
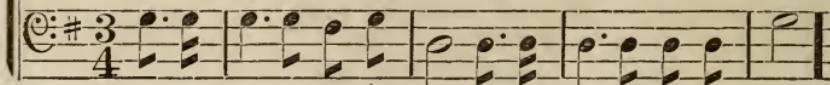
2 Now may the King descend,  
     And fill his throne of grace ;  
     Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
         While saints address thy face ;  
     Let sinners feel  
         Thy quickening word,  
     And learn to know  
         And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
     With all thy quickening powers ;  
     Disclose a Saviour's love,  
         And bless these sacred hours :  
     Then shall my soul  
         New life obtain,  
     Nor Sabbaths be  
         Indulged in vain.

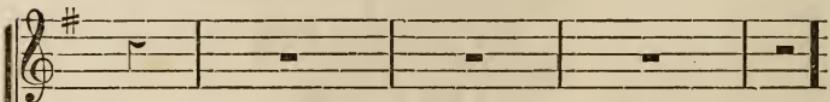
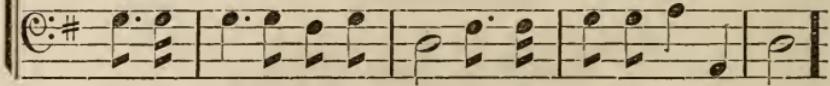
## SAFELY THROUGH, &amp;c. 7s.



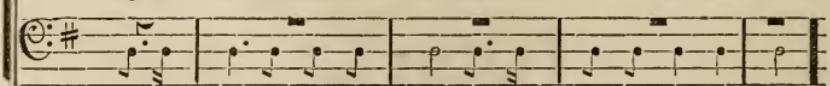
Safe-ly through an-oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;



Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to - day:



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.





40

7s.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way ;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day ;  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
  
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name ;  
Show thy reconciling face—  
Take away our sin and shame ;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.
  
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise ;  
Let us feel thy presence near :  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in thy house appear ;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
  
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners—comfort saints ;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief from all complaints :  
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.

## STONINGTON. L. M.

Is there a time when moments flow More peacefully than all be - side ?

It is, of all the times be - low, A Sabbath eve in sum-mer - tide.

41

L. M.

1 IS there a time when moments flow  
More peacefully than all beside ?

It is, of all the times below,  
A Sabbath eve in summer-tide.

2 O then the setting sun smiles fair,  
And all below, and all above,  
The different forms of nature wear  
One universal garb of love.

3 And then the peace that Jesus beams,  
The life of grace, the death of sin ;  
With nature's placid woods and streams,  
Is peace without, and peace within.

4 Delightful scene ! a world at rest,  
     A God all love, no grief nor fear ;  
     A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,  
     A smile unsullied by a tear.

5 If heaven be ever felt below,  
     A scene so heavenly, sure, as this,  
     May cause a heart on earth to know  
     Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

6 Delightful hour ! how soon will night  
     Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;  
     And morrow's quick returning light  
     Must call us to the world again.

7 Yet will there dawn at last a day,  
     A SUN that never sets shall rise ;  
     Night will not veil his ceaseless ray ;  
     The heavenly Sabbath never dies !

## 42

L. M.  
*The Sabbath.*

1 OUR Sabbaths come so welcome on,  
     We wish them to remain a while,  
     But soon, alas ! their joys are gone,  
     And scarce "bequeath a parting smile."

2 Full many are the hours of grief  
     Allotted to the sons of men ;  
     Our Sabbaths bring a short relief,  
     Yet leave us but to mourn again.

3 Ye peaceful days ! and thou, blest sun !  
     Why roll ye in such haste away ?  
     Ye happy hours ! why flow ye on  
     So fast towards eternity ?

4 O if ye bring an endless day,  
     Speed fast along, nor ever cease ;  
     We'll gladly feel your joys decay,  
     In perfect and enduring bliss.

## ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Frequent the day of God returns To shed its quickening beams; And  
yet how slow devotion burns, How languid are its flames !  
How languid are its flames !

43

C. M.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns  
To shed its quickening beams ;  
And yet how slow devotion burns,  
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love ;  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive :  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend,  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine ;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine ;
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,  
Shall all our powers employ ;  
Delighted range th' ethereal plains  
And take our fill of joy.

44

C. M.

*Evening twilight.*

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour  
And lead to endless day.

45

C. M.

*Lord's-day evening.*

- 1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
Behold thee all serene ;  
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,  
Without a veil between !
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here  
Amid a world of cares ;  
Incline my heart to pray with love,  
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul  
That gives itself to thee ;  
Take all that I possess below,  
And give thyself to me.
- 4 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
To be my guide and friend,  
To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
To Sabbaths without end.

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

MODERATO.

Our Father, throned above the sky, To thee our empty hands we spread ;

Thy children at thy foot-stool lie, And ask thy blessings on their head.

46

L. M.  
*Confidence in God.*

- 1 OUR Father, throned above the sky,  
To thee our empty hands we spread ;  
Thy children at thy footstool lie,  
And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,  
In that august and precious name  
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,  
And would the promised blessing claim.
- 3 Does not an earthly parent hear  
The cravings of his famish'd son ?  
Will he reject the filial prayer,  
Or give for bread the flinty stone ?

4 Our heavenly Father, how much more  
     Will thy divine compassions rise ;  
     And open thy unbounded store,  
     To satisfy thy children's cries ?

5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press  
     For gracious audience at thy seat ;  
     Still hoping, waiting for success,  
     If persevering to entreat.

6 For Jesus in his faithful word  
     The upright suppliant has bless'd ;  
     And all thy saints with one accord  
     The prevalence of prayer attest.

47

L. M.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,  
     Which crowns our families with peace ;  
     From thee they spring, and by thy hand  
     They have been, and are still sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,  
     Be our domestic altars raised ;  
     Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell  
     With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house  
     Morning and night present its vows ;  
     Our servants there, and rising race,  
     Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim  
     The honours of thy glorious name ;  
     While, pleased and thankful, we remove  
     To join the family above.

48

L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
     Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
     Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
     Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
     Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
     Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
     Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## DUNDEE. C. M.

MODERATO.

Au-thor of good, to thee we turn : Thine e - ver wakeful eye

A - lone can all our wants dis-cern, Thy hand a - lone sup - ply.

49

C. M.

1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn :

Thine ever wakeful eye

Alone can all our wants discern—

Thy hand alone supply.

2 O let thy love within us dwell,

Thy fear our footsteps guide ;

That love shall vainer loves expel,

That fear all fears beside.

3 And O, by error's force subdued,

Since oft, by stubborn will,

We blindly shun the latent good,

And grasp the specious ill ; —

4 Not what we wish—but what we want,

Let mercy still supply :

The good we ask not, Father, grant—

The ill we ask—deny.

50

C. M.

- 1 GOD of our fathers! by whose hand  
Thy people still are blest,  
Be with us through our pilgrimage,  
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God  
And portion evermore.

51

C. M.

- 1 LORD, with our household deign to stay,  
And bid our hearts rejoice;  
Our willing hearts shall own thy sway,  
And echo to thy voice.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget  
All time and toil and fear;  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, our God, art here.
- 3 Thou callest us to seek thy face—  
Thy face with joy we seek;  
Wait for the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear what thou dost speak.
- 4 Thus would we every hour employ,  
Till we thy glory see;  
Till we partake our Master's joy,  
And find our heaven in thee.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

Lo, what a pleasing sight Are brethren that agree!

How blest are all whose hearts unite In bonds of piety!

52

S. M.  
*Brotherly love.*

- 1 LO, what a pleasing sight  
Are brethren that agree!  
How blest are all whose hearts unite  
In bonds of piety!
- 2 From those celestial springs  
Such streams of comfort flow,  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honours can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,  
And each performs his part,  
In all the cares of life and love,  
With sympathizing heart.

4 Form'd for the purest joys  
     By one desire possest,  
     One aim the zeal of all employs,  
     To make each other blest.

5 No bliss can equal theirs  
     Where such affections meet ;  
     While praise devout and mingled prayers  
     Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills  
     The breast in worlds above,  
     Where joy, like morning-dew, distils,  
     And all the air is love.

53

S. M.

*Love to the brethren.*

1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
     Our hearts in Christian love ;  
     The fellowship of kindred minds  
     Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
     We pour our ardent prayers ;  
     Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,  
     Our comforts and our cares.

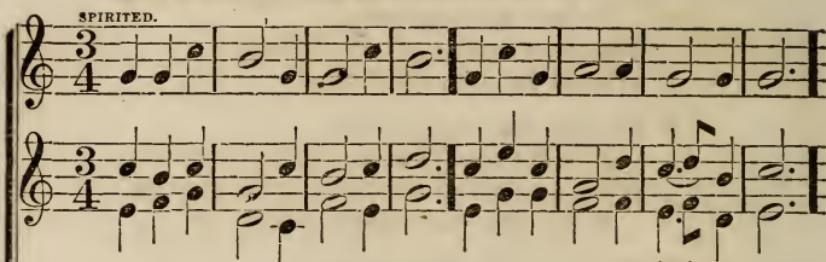
3 We share our mutual woes ;  
     Our mutual burdens bear ;  
     And often for each other flows  
     The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
     It gives us inward pain ;  
     But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
     And hope to meet again.

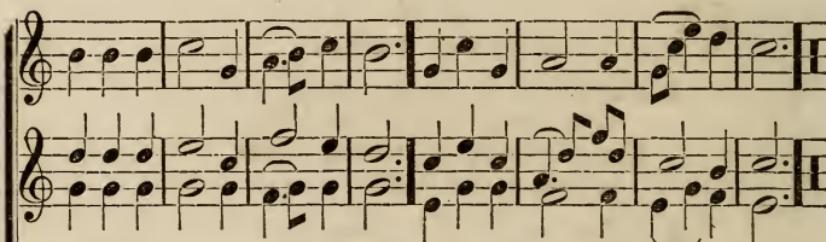
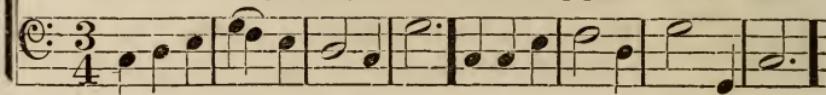
5 This glorious hope revives  
     Our courage by the way ;  
     While each in expectation lives,  
     And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
     And sin, we shall be free ;  
     And perfect love and friendship reign  
     Through all eternity.

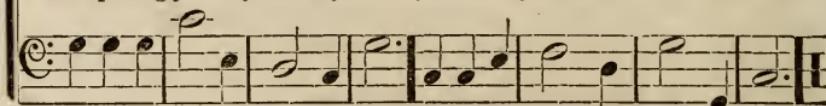
## MENDON. L. M.



Great God ! we sing thy mighty hand; By that sup-ported still we stand :



The opening year thy mer - cy shows ; Let mercy crown it till it close.



54

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! we sing thy mighty hand ;  
By that supported still we stand :  
The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed—  
By his unerring counsels led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own :  
The future—all to us unknown—  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
 Be thou our joy—and thou our rest;  
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
 Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
 Our helper, God, in whom we trust,  
 In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

55

L. M.

*The changing seasons.*

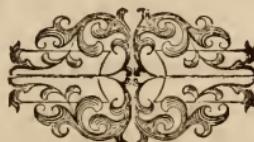
1 GREAT God! let all our tuneful powers  
 Awake, and sing thy mighty name:  
 Thy hand revolves our circling hours,—  
 Thy hand, from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round  
 In beauteous order, speak thy praise;  
 And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,  
 To thee successive honours raise.

3 To thee we raise the annual song,  
 To thee the grateful tribute give;  
 Our God doth still our years prolong,  
 And midst unnumber'd deaths, we live.

4 Our life, our health, our friends, we owe  
 All to thy vast, unbounded love;  
 Ten thousand precious gifts below,  
 And hope of nobler joys above.

5 Thus will we sing, till nature cease,  
 Till sense and language are no more,  
 And after death, thy boundless grace  
 Through everlasting years adore.



## BENEVENTO. 7s.

WEBBE.

While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the former year,

Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here :

Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit-tle long-er wait, But how lit-tle—none can know.

## 56

7s.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here ;  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little—none can know.
- 2 Spared to see another year,  
Let thy blessing meet us here ;  
Come, thy dying work revive,  
Bid thy drooping garden thrive ;  
Sun of righteousness, arise !  
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes :  
Let our prayer thy pity move ;  
Make this year a time of love.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past received,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless thy word to old and young,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
When our life's short race is run,  
May we dwell with thee above.

## NEW YEAR. 5s &amp; 12s.

BOLD.

Musical score for the first part of 'NEW YEAR'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '3') and common key (indicated by 'C'). The middle staff is also in common time and common key. The bottom staff is in common time and common key. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The vocal line includes lyrics: 'Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue,'

Musical score for the second part of 'NEW YEAR'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in common time and common key. The middle staff is in common time and common key. The bottom staff is in common time and common key. The music continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line includes lyrics: 'Roll round with the year, And ne - ver stand still,'

Musical score for the third part of 'NEW YEAR'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in common time and common key. The middle staff is in common time and common key. The bottom staff is in common time and common key. The music concludes with eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line includes lyrics: 'And ne - ver stand still, till the Mas-ter ap - pear.'

57

5s & 12s.  
*A new year.*

1      COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still, till the Master appear.

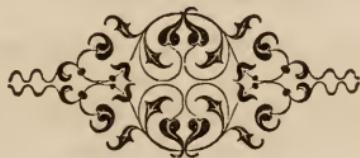
2      His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

3      Our life is a dream,  
Our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away;  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

• 4      The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5      O that each in the day  
Of his coming may say,  
“I’ve fought my way through,  
I’ve finish’d the work thou didst give me to do!”

6      O that each from his Lord  
May receive the good word,  
“Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!”



## BALLERMA. C. M.

And now, my soul, an - oth - er year Of thy short life is past;

I can-not long con-tinue here, And this may be my last.

58

C. M.

*Reflections at the end of the year.*

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past;  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul—with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn :  
What are the hopes?—how sure? how fair?  
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins!  
     Set out afresh for heaven;  
     Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
     In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
     And on his grace depend;  
     With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
     Nor doubt a happy end.

59

C. M.

*Praise for providential goodness.*

1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise  
     Our voices shall resound;  
     Thy hand directs our fleeting days,  
     And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,  
     Our Father and our Friend:  
     Whose constant mercies from the skies  
     In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,  
     In every age, we see;  
     And, constant as thy favours are,  
     So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,  
     To every age, appear;  
     And let the same compassion deign  
     To bless the opening year.

60

C. M.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
     And raise your voices high;  
     Awake, and praise that sovereign love  
     That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,  
     Each moment brings it near;  
     Then welcome, each declining day!  
     Welcome, each closing year!

3 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;  
     Ye mortal powers, decay;  
     Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
     Ye bring eternal day.

## TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.

God of my life, to thee belong The thankful heart, the grateful song;

Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

61

L. M.  
*The barren fig-tree.*

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee belong  
The thankful heart, the grateful song;  
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord  
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,  
And chased the gloomy shades of death;  
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,  
When God our great Deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?  
Why does thy hand so kindly rear  
A useless cumberer of the ground,  
On which no pleasant fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!  
 And, cultivated by thy hand,  
 Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,  
 Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath  
 Through life, and in the arms of death;  
 My soul the pleasant theme prolong,  
 Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

## 62

L. M.

*The Christian pilgrimage.*

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"  
 This may distress the worldly mind,  
 But should not cost a saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
 "We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do:  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 We seek a city out of sight,  
 Zion its name—the Lord is there—  
 It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
 The time my God appoints is best:  
 While here, to do his will be *mine*;  
 And *his* to fix my time of rest.

BOYLTSON. S. M.

L. MASON.

My few re-volv-ing years, How swift they glide a - way!

How short the term of life appears! When past—'tis but a day!—

63

S. M.  
*Rapid flight of time.*

- 1 MY few revolving years,  
How swift they glide away!  
How short the term of life appears!  
When past—'tis but a day!—
- 2 A dark and cloudy day,  
Made up of grief and sin;  
A host of dangerous foes without,  
And guilt and fear within.
- 3 Lord, through another year,  
If thou permit my stay,  
With watchful care may I pursue  
The true and living way!

## 64

S. M.

*God our Shepherd.*

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is  
I shall be well supplied :  
Since he is mine and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me, in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my future days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

## 65

S. M.

*God the preserver of his people.*

- 1 TO God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

## MIGDOL. L. M.

MODERATO.

Great God, at whose all-powerful call  
At first a - rose this beauteous frame!

By thee the seasons change, and all  
The changing sea-sons speak thy name.

66

L. M.

*Seasons ordered by God.*

- 1 GREAT God, at whose all-powerful call  
At first arose this beauteous frame!  
By thee the seasons change, and all  
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,  
From winter storms recovered, rise;  
When thousand grateful scenes appear,  
Fresh opening to our wandering eyes.

3 O how delightful 'tis to see  
     The earth in vernal beauty dress'd !  
     While in each herb, and flower, and tree,  
         Thy blooming glories shine confess'd !

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,  
     And light and genial heat conveys ;  
     And, while he leads the seasons on,  
         From thee derives his quickening rays.

5 Indulgent God ! from every part  
     Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;  
     We see, we taste ;—let every heart  
         With grateful love and duty glow.

67

L. M.  
*Autumn.*

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
     And changes mark the rolling year ;  
     As time with rapid pinions flies,  
         May every season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days,  
     And summer shed again its rays ;  
     No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,  
         No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd,  
     And fill'd our fields with waving gold ;  
     Our tables spread, our garners stored !  
         Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?

4. The solemn harvest comes apace,  
     The closing day of life and grace :  
     Time of decision, awful hour !  
         Around it let no tempests lower.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
     Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;  
     Then shall our happy souls above  
         Reap the full harvest of thy love.

## CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

Musical score for the first section of 'Coronation'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The middle staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray,

Musical score for the second section of 'Coronation'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The middle staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!

Musical score for the third section of 'Coronation'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The middle staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!

68

C. M.

*Spring.*

- 1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,  
And blossoms deck the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 Hark ! how the feather'd warblers sing !  
'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;  
Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 O God of nature and of grace,  
Thy heavenly gifts impart ;  
Then shall my meditation trace  
Spring blooming in my heart.
- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join  
Glad nature's cheerful song ;  
And love and gratitude divine  
Attune my joyful tongue.

69

C. M.

*Summer—A harvest hymn.*

- 1 TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy powers ;  
He calls, and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps ;  
My tongue, his goodness sing :  
Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop ;  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness ;  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams  
The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop ;  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sow'd in hope.

## ONITIA. 7s.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

MODERATO.

Pleasing spring a - gain is here! Trees and fields in bloom ap-pear!

Hark! the birds, with art-less lays, War-ble their Cre - a - tor's praise!

70

7s.

- 1 PLEASING spring again is here!  
Trees and fields in bloom appear!  
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,  
Warble their Creator's praise!
- 2 Lord, afford a spring to me!  
Let me feel like what I see:  
Ah! my winter has been long,  
Chill'd my hopes, suppress'd my song.
- 3 How the soul in winter mourns,  
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!  
Till the Spirit's gentle rain  
Bids the heart revive again!

4 O beloved Saviour, haste,  
 Tell me all the storms are past :  
 Speak, and by thy gracious voice  
 Make my drooping soul rejoice.

71

7s.

*Jesus in the seasons.*

- 1 SPRING returns, and brings along  
 Life-invigorating suns :  
 Hark ! the turtle's plaintive song  
 Seems to speak his dying groans.
- 2 Summer has a thousand charms  
 All expressive of his worth ;  
 'Tis his sun that lights and warms,  
 His the air that cools the earth.
- 3 What ! has autumn left to say  
 Nothing of a Saviour's grace ?  
 Yes, the beams of milder day  
 Tell me of his smiling face.
- 4 Light appears with early dawn,  
 While the sun makes haste to rise ;  
 See his fleeting beauties dawn  
 On the blushes of the skies.
- 5 Evening with a silent pace,  
 Slowly moving in the west,  
 Shows an emblem of his grace,  
 Points to an eternal rest.
- 6 Winter has a joy for me,  
 While the Saviour's charms I read ;  
 Lowly, meek, from blemish free,  
 In the snowdrop's pensive head.



## MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s &amp; 6s.

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand,

Where A - fric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;

From many an an - cient ri - ver, From many a pal - my plain,



## 72

7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand :  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

## LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

Bright as the sun's me-ridian blaze, Vast as the blessings he con-

veys, Wide as his reign from pole to pole, And perma-nent as his con-trol.

## 73

L. M.

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,  
Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,  
And permanent as his control :
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,  
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom  
Shall, at thy brightness, flee away,  
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,  
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law :  
And antichrist on every shore  
Fall from his throne to rise no more.

4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound  
On Afric's shores—through India's ground,  
And islands of the southern sea  
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet  
In pure devotion at thy feet ;  
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,  
Her fulness and her glory too.

6 O that from Zion now might shine  
This heavenly light ; this truth divine :  
Till the whole universe shall be  
But one great temple, Lord, to thee.

74

L. M.

*Jesus shall reign.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with grateful song ;  
And with united hearts proclaim  
That grace and truth by Jesus came.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Where he displays his healing power,  
The sting of death is known no more :  
In him the sons of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

75

L. M.

*The glory of God in his works and in his word.*

1 GREAT Sun of righteousness, arise !  
O bless the world with heavenly light !  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise :  
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;—  
Lord, cleanse my sins—my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

## GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

ROUSSEAU.

Sa - viour, vi-sit thy plan-ta-tion: Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain !  
D. C. Lord, re-vive us, Lord, re-vive us; All our help must come from thee.

All will come to de-so - la - tion, Un-less thou re - turn a - gain.  
D. C.

## 76

8s, 7s & 4s.  
*Prayer for a revival.*

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation :  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.  
Lord, revive us !  
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance ;  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.  
Lord, revive us !  
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
     Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
     Let each one esteem'd thy servant  
         Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
             Lord, revive us !  
     All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;  
     Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
     And begin from this good hour  
         To revive thy work afresh.  
             Lord, revive us !  
     All our help must come from thee.

## 77

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

1 YES ! we trust the day is breaking ;  
     Joyful times are near at hand :  
     God, the mighty God, is speaking  
         By his word in every land :  
             When he chooses,  
     Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season ;  
     Let us hail the dawning ray :  
     When the Lord appears, there's reason  
         To expect a glorious day :  
             At his presence  
     Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring,  
     While he enters like a flood,  
     God, the Saviour, is preparing  
         Means to spread his truth abroad ;  
             Every language  
     Soon shall tell the love of God.

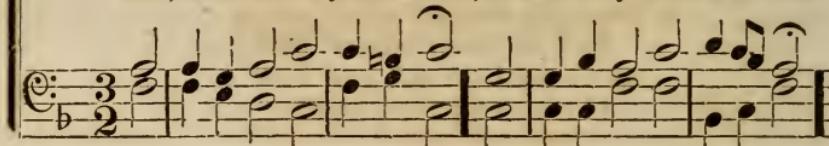
4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
     Let thy people see thy hand ;  
     Let the gospel be victorious  
         Through the world in every land ;  
             And the idols  
     Perish, Lord, at thy command.

## WELLS. L. M.

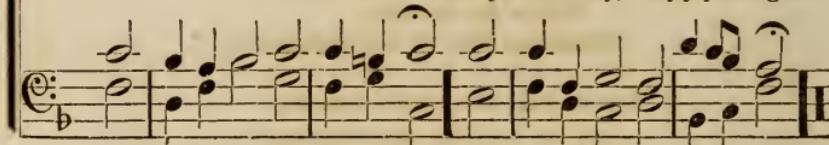
ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



Now, in the heat of youthful blood, Re-mem-ber your Cre-a-tor God:



Behold, the months come hastening on,  
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."



78

L. M.

*A call to the young.*

- 1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God:  
Behold, the months come hastening on,  
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
- 2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;  
His book records your secret faults;  
The works of darkness men have done  
Must all appear before the sun.
- 3 Behold the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With bitterest curses on his head.

- 4 The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 5 God of the young ! turn off their eyes  
From earth's alluring vanities ;  
And let the warnings of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

79

L. M.

*Prayer of parents for their offspring.*

- 1 NOW, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
To whom we for our children cry !  
The good desired and wanted most,  
Out of thy richest grace supply.
- 2 Error and ignorance remove,  
The blindness of their hearts and mind ;  
Give them the wisdom from above,  
Spotless and peaceable and kind.
- 3 Unite what long has been disjoined,  
Knowledge and vital piety ;  
Learning and holiness combined,  
And truth and love let all men see.
- 4 Father, accept them through thy Son,  
And ever by thy Spirit guide !  
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,  
Thy name confess'd and glorified.

80

L. M.

*Dangers of delay.*

- 1 WHY should I say 'tis yet too soon  
To seek for heaven or think of death ?  
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,  
While I refuse to read and pray,  
That he'll refuse to lend an ear  
To all my groans another day !
- 3 'Tis dangerous to provoke our God :  
His power and vengeance none can tell ;  
One stroke of his almighty rod  
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

## DEVIZES. C. M.

TUCKER.

2

Ye hearts with youthful vi - gour warm, In smil-ing

crowds draw near; And turn from ev' - ry mor - tal charm,

A Saviour's voice to hear, A Sa-viour's voice to hear.

81

C. M.

*Youth invited to love Christ.*

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near ;  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you ;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face  
Is sure my love to gain ;  
And those that early seek my grace  
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with thee ?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like that in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

82

C. M.

*Advantages of religion in youth.*

- 1 HAPPY is he whose early years  
Receive instruction well ;  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fear  
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 'Tis easier work, if we begin  
To serve the Lord betimes ;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young ;  
With joy it crowns succeeding years,  
And makes our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God ! to thee  
Our hearts we now resign :  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

## MONTVILLE. S. M.

With hum-ble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray;

O bring me now, while I am young, To thee the liv - ing way.

83

S. M.

*Prayer of a youth.*

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,  
My God, to thee I pray;  
O bring me now, while I am young,  
To thee the living way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth  
The object of thy care;  
Help me to choose the way of truth,  
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine;  
Unite it to thyself alone,  
And make me wholly thine.

**4** O let thy word of grace  
 My warmest thoughts employ ;  
 Be this, through all my following days,  
 My treasure and my joy.

**5** To what thy laws impart,  
 Be my whole soul inclined ;  
 O let them dwell within my heart,  
 And sanctify my mind.

## 84

S. M.

*Prayer for children.*

**1** GREAT God, now condescend  
 To bless our rising race ;  
 Soon may their willing spirits bend  
 To thy victorious grace.

**2** O what a vast delight  
 Their happiness to see !  
 Our warmest wishes all unite  
 To lead their souls to thee.

**3** Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour  
 Upon our infant seed ;  
 O bring the long'd-for happy hour  
 That makes them thine indeed.

**4** May they receive thy word,  
 Confess the Saviour's name ;  
 Then follow their despised Lord  
 Through the baptismal stream.

**5** Thus let our favour'd race  
 Surround thy sacred board,  
 There to adore thy sovereign grace  
 And sing their dying Lord.



## ORLAND. L. M.

DR. ARNOLD.

BOLD.

When Israel through the de-sert pass'd, A fie - ry pil-lar

went be - fore, To guide them through the drea - ry waste,

And les - sen the fa - tigues they bore.

85

## L. M.

*The usefulness of the Scriptures.*

- 1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,  
A fiery pillar went before,  
To guide them through the dreary waste,  
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God !  
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;  
It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,  
And quickens its inactive powers ;  
It sets our wandering footsteps right ;  
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;  
Its doctrines are divinely true ;  
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;  
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favour'd lands that have this word,  
Ye saints who feel its saving power,  
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,  
And his distinguished grace adore.

86

## L. M.

*Divine authority of the Bible.*

- 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And-warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirm'd the messages they brought :  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;  
Here I can fix my hopes secure :  
This is thy word, and must endure.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.

ALLEGRETTO.

Musical score for 'How shall the young' in C major, 3/4 time. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And

guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic - est  
C: # 3/4

The vocal line continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic - est

rules im - parts, To keep the con - science clean.  
C: # 3/4

The vocal line concludes with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The lyrics are: rules im - parts, To keep the con - science clean.

87

C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun—a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;  
I hate the sinner's road;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth,  
How pure is every page!—  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

88

C. M.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,  
On all thy works I look;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Lord, make me understand thy law:  
Show what my faults have been;  
And from the gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.

3 Here would I learn how Christ has died  
To save my soul from hell;  
Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell.

4 Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

## WOODSTOCK. C. P. M.

D. DUTTON, JR.

CHANTING STYLE.

How precious, Lord, thy sa - cred word ! What  
light and joy those leaves af - ford To souls in deep dis - tress !

{ Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,  
Thy fear for-bids our feet to stray, } Thy pro-mise leads to rest.

89

C. P. M.

1 HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred word  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls in deep distress !  
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,  
And warn us where our danger lies;  
    But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,  
That makes the guilty conscience clean,  
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,  
    And gives a free reward.

90

C. P. M.

*The excellency of Christ.*

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,—  
O could I sound the glories forth  
    Which in my Saviour shine;  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,  
    In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
    Exalted on his throne:  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would, to everlasting days,  
    Make all his glories known.

3 Soon the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
    And I shall see his face;  
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A bless'd eternity I'll spend—  
    Triumphant in his grace.



## DOVER. S. M.

MODERATO.

Be - hold, the morn-ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way;

His beams through all the nations run, And life and light con-vey.

91

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light,  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!  
And all thy judgments just!  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And we securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given!  
O may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven.

## 92

S. M.

*Safety in keeping God's precepts.*

- 1 HOW perfect is thy word,  
Thy judgments all are just;  
And ever in thy promise, Lord,  
May man securely trust.
- 2 I hear thy word in love;—  
In faith thy word obey;  
O send thy Spirit from above,  
To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain,  
Thy precepts all are pure;  
And long as heaven and earth remain,  
Thy truth shall still endure.
- 4 O may my soul, with joy,  
Trust in thy faithful word:  
Be it through life my glad employ,  
To keep thy precepts, Lord

## 93

S. M.

*Invitation and warning.*

- 1 THE Lord declares his will,  
And keeps the world in awe;  
Amid the smoke on Sinai's hill  
Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,  
And smiling from above,  
Sends down the gospel of his grace,  
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart  
Our Maker's just commands;  
The pity of his melting heart,  
And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 We read the heavenly word,  
We take the offer'd grace,  
Obey the statutes of the Lord,  
And trust his promises.

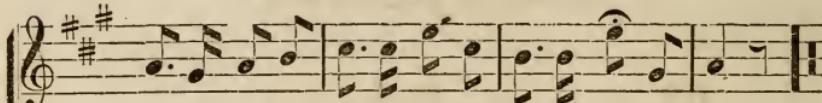
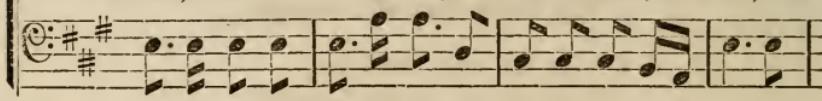
## O THOU WHO DRIEST, &amp;c. C. M.



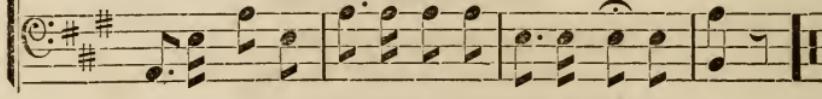
O thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, }  
If, pierced by sin and sorrows here, We could not fly to thee! } The



friends, who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown; And



he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a lone.



94

C. M.  
*Comfort in affliction.*

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,  
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt hear that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

- 4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
- 5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above?
- 6 Then sorrow touch'd by thee grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

95

## C. M.

*Comfort in sickness and death.*

- 1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,  
Each phantom pleasure flies;  
Vain hopes of bliss no more obscure  
Our long-deluded eyes.
- 2 The tottering frame of mortal life  
Shall crumble into dust;  
Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,  
On nature's God to trust.
- 3 The man whose pious heart is fix'd  
Securely on his God,  
In every frown may comfort find,  
And kiss the chastening rod.
- 4 Nor him shall death itself alarm;  
On heaven his soul relies;  
With joy he views his Maker's love,  
And with composure dies.



## BANGOR. C. M.

When lan-guor and dis-ease in - vade This trembl-ing house of clay,

'Tis sweet to look up - on my pains, And long to fly a - way.

96

C. M.

*Affliction, or meditation on God's love.*

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains  
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
     My sins on Jesus laid ;  
     Sweet to remember that his blood  
     My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
     Which saves from second death ;  
     Sweet to experience, day by day,  
     His spirit's quickening breath.

6 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
     What must the fountain be,  
     Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
     Immediately from thee !

## 97

C. M.

*At the funeral of a young person.*

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
     By death's resistless hand,  
     Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
     Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
     O may this truth, imprest  
     With awful power,—“I too must die!”  
     Sink deep in every breast.

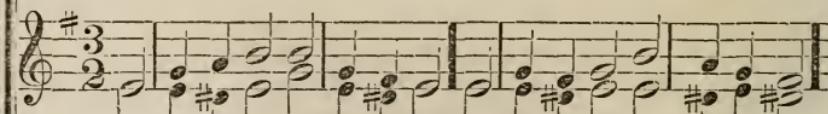
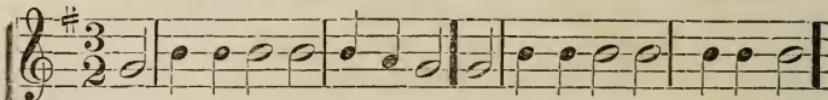
3 Let this vain world delude no more ;  
     Behold the gaping tomb !  
     It bids us seize the present hour,  
     To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene  
     May every heart obey ;  
     Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
     Which calls to watch and pray.

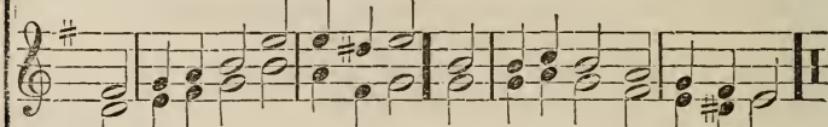
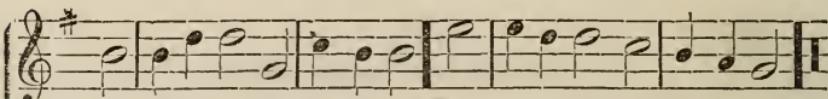
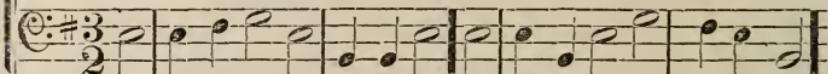
5 O let us fly—to Jesus fly,  
     Whose powerful arm can save ;  
     Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
     And triumph o'er the grave.

## WINDHAM. L. M.

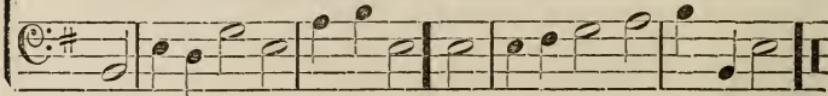
READ.



Sweet is the scene when Christians die, When holy souls re - tire to rest:



How mildly beams the closing eye ! How gently heaves th' expiring breast !



98

L. M.

*The peaceful death of the righteous.*

- 1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,  
When holy souls retire to rest :  
How mildly beams the closing eye !  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow ,  
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing :  
O grave ! where is thy victory now ?  
And where, O death ! where is thy sting ?

99

L. M.  
*Death of an infant.*

- 1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,  
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art  
To soothe the anguish of the heart ?  
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh :  
Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,  
Till dying hope revives again ;  
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,  
And faith points upward to the sky.

100

L. M.  
*God appointeth affliction.*

- 1 NOT from relentless fate's dark womb,  
Or from the dust, our troubles come.  
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,  
To cause the pain, or send relief.
- 2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints !  
The cause and cure of your complaints.  
Know, 'tis your heavenly Father's will :  
Bid every murmur then be still.
- 3 He sees we need the painful yoke ;  
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke.  
He takes no pleasure in our smart,  
But wounds to heal and cheer the heart.
- 4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,  
And make the soul all pure within,  
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,  
To seek and taste celestial joys !

## CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for 'CHINA. C. M.' and the bottom staff is for 'SWAN.'. Both staves are in common time (indicated by '3') and G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp). The music is written in a cursive hand, with various note heads and stems. The lyrics for 'CHINA' begin with 'Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends? Or shake at death's alarms?' followed by "'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends To call them to his arms.' The lyrics for 'SWAN.' are partially visible below the first line of music.

101

C. M.

*The death and burial of a saint.*

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
His light dispell'd its gloom.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed ;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head ?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way ;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise ;  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

102

C. M.

*On the death of a child.*

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;  
How soon the vapour flies !  
Man is a tender, transient flower  
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs ;  
And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
And wither'd all her joys.

3 But wait the interposing gloom,  
And lo ! stern winter flies ;  
And, dressed in beauty's fairest bloom,  
The flowery tribes arise.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Then cease, fond nature ! cease thy tears ;  
Religion points on high :  
There everlasting spring appears,  
And joys that cannot die.

## ROCHESTER. C. M.

How short and hasty is our life! How vast our souls' af-fairs!

Yet senseless mor-tals vain-ly strive To lav-ish out their years.

.103

C. M.  
*Frailty and folly.*

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life!  
How vast our souls' affairs!  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story, or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
     That slight the joys above !  
 What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
     That break such chords of love !

5 Draw us, O Saviour, with thy grace,  
     And lift our thoughts on high,  
 That we may end this mortal race,  
     And see salvation nigh.

## 104

C. M.  
*Time is short.*

1 THE time is short ! the season near  
     When death will us remove ;  
 To leave our friends, however dear,  
     And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short ! sinners, beware,  
     Nor trifle time away ;  
 The word of great salvation hear,  
     While it is call'd to-day.

3 The time is short ! ye rebels, now  
     To Christ the Lord submit ;  
 To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
     And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 The time is short ! ye saints rejoice—  
     The Lord will quickly come :  
 Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
     To call you to your home.

5 The time is short ! it swiftly flies—  
     The hour is just at hand,  
 When we shall mount above the skies,  
     And reach the wish'd-for land.

6 The time is short !—the moment near  
     When we shall dwell above,  
 And be for ever happy there  
     With Jesus, whom we love.

## FOREST. L. M.

That aw-ful hour will soon ap-pear, Swift on the wings of time it flies,  
When all that pains or pleases here Will van-ish from my clos-ing eyes.

105

L. M.  
*Improving time.*

- 1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,  
Swift on the wings of time it flies,  
When all that pains or pleases here  
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,  
And none resist the fatal dart:  
Continual warnings strike my sense,  
And shall they fail to strike my heart?
- 3 Think, O my soul! how much depends  
On the short period of to-day:  
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,  
Be negligently thrown away?
- 4 Thy wasting minutes strive to use;  
Awake, arouse every active power;  
And not in dreams and trifles lose  
This little, this important hour!
- 5 Lord of my life, inspire my heart  
With heavenly ardour, grace divine;  
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,  
For strength and life and death are thine.

6 O teach me some celestial skill,  
   Each awful warning to improve ;  
   And, while my days are shortening still,  
     Prepare me for the joys above.

106

L. M.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
   The time t' insure the great reward ;  
   And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
     The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given  
   T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven ;  
   The day of grace—and mortals may  
     Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then, what my thoughts design to do,  
   My hands, with all your might, pursue ;  
   Since no device, nor work, is found,  
     Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd  
   In the cold grave to which we haste ;  
   But darkness, death, and long despair  
     Reign in eternal silence there.

107

L. M.

*The soul's best portion.*

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
   Teach me the measure of my days ;  
   Teach me to know how frail I am,  
     And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span ;  
   A little point my life appears ;  
   How frail, at best, is dying man !  
     How vain are all his hopes and fears !

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show :  
   Vain are the cares which rack his mind :  
   He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,  
     And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine !  
   My God, I bow before thy throne ;  
   Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
     And fix my hope on thee alone.

## RESIGNATION. C. M.

Je - ru - sa - lem ! my hap - py home ! Name e - ver dear to  
me ! When shall my la - bours have an end, In joy, and peace, and  
thee ? When shall my la-bours have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee ?

108

C. M.

1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?

3 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end ?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
     Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
     Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,  
         I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo ?  
     Or feel at death dismay ?  
     I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
         And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
     Around my Saviour stand ;  
     And soon my friends in Christ below  
         Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
     My soul still pants for thee !  
     Then shall my labours have an end,  
         When I thy joys shall see.

109

C. M.

*Banishment from God intolerable.*

1 THAT awful day will surely come,  
     Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
     When I must stand before my Judge,  
         And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys—  
     Thou Sovereign of my heart—  
     How could I bear to hear thy voice  
         Pronounce the word—“Depart !”

3 O wretched state of deep despair,  
     To see my God remove,  
     And fix my doleful station where  
         I must not taste his love.

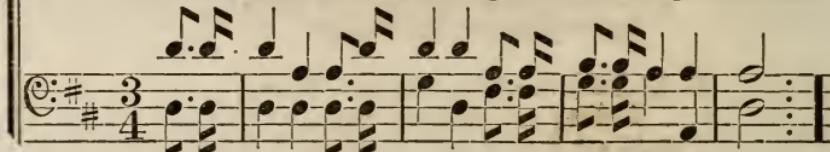
4 O tell me that my worthless name  
     Is graven on thy hands ;  
     Show me some promise in thy book,  
         Where my salvation stands !

ZION. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain :  
Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train :



110

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

*Judgment.*

1 LO ! he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain :  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah,  
Jesus now shall ever reign !

2 Every eye shall now behold him  
     Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
 Those who set at naught and sold him  
     Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
         Deeply wailing,  
     Shall the great Messiah see ?

3 Every island, sea and mountain,  
     Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
     Hear the trump proclaim the day :  
         Come to judgment !  
     Come to judgment ! come away !

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
     See in solemn pomp appear !  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
     Now shall meet him in the air !  
         Hallelujah !  
     See the day of God appear !

5 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,  
     High on thine exalted throne ;  
 Saviour ! take the power and glory ;  
     Claim the kingdoms for thine own !  
         O come quickly !  
     Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

## 111

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

*The day of judgment.*

1 DAY of judgment—day of wonders,  
     Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
     Shakes the vast creation round !  
         How the summons  
     Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
     Cloth'd in majesty divine !  
 Ye who long for his appearing,  
     Then shall say, "This God is mine !"  
         Gracious Saviour !  
     Own me in that day for thine !

3 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
     May this thought our courage raise !  
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
     Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise !  
         May we triumph  
     When the world is in a blaze !

## HYMN. "There is an hour," &amp;c. J. A. NAUMANN.

SLOW AND SOFT.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To  
2. There is a soft, a downy bed, 'Tis

mourn-ing wand'rers given; There is a joy for souls dis-tress'd,  
Cres.  
fair as breath of even'; A couch for wea-ry mor-tals spread,

A balm for ev'- ry wounded breast, 'Tis found above—in heav'n.  
m p Dim.  
Where they may rest the aching head, And find re-pose in heav'n.

112

8s & 6s.  
*The heavenly rest.*

- 3 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven ;  
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear—but heaven.
- 4 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given ;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom :—  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

113

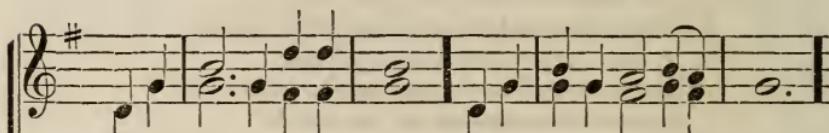
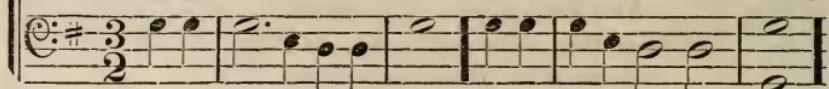
8s & 6s.  
*Nothing like heaven.*

- 1 THIS world is poor from shore to shore,  
And, like a baseless vision,  
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,  
Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor ;—  
There's nothing rich but heaven.
- 2 Empires decay and nations die,  
Our hopes to winds are given :  
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,  
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky ;—  
There's nothing sure but heaven.
- 3 Creation's mighty fabric all  
Shall be to atoms riven,—  
The skies consume, the planets fall,  
Convulsions rock this earthly ball ;—  
There's nothing firm but heaven.
- 4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,  
From place to place am driven ;  
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,  
This earth is all a dismal tomb ;—  
I have no home but heaven.
- 5 The clouds disperse—the light appears,  
My sins are all forgiven,  
Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears ;—  
Roll on, thou sun ! fly swift, my years !  
I'm on my way to heaven.

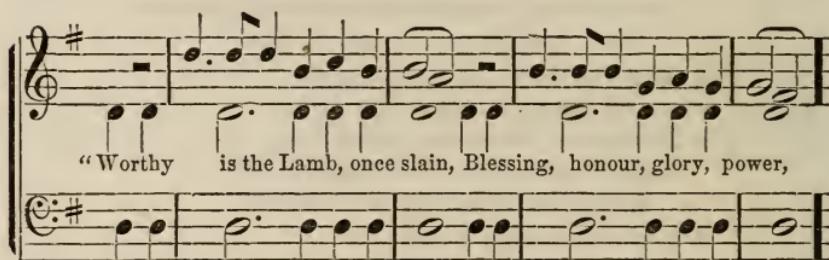
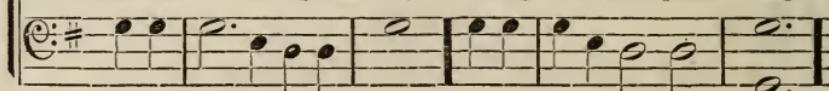
## ELTHAM. 7s.



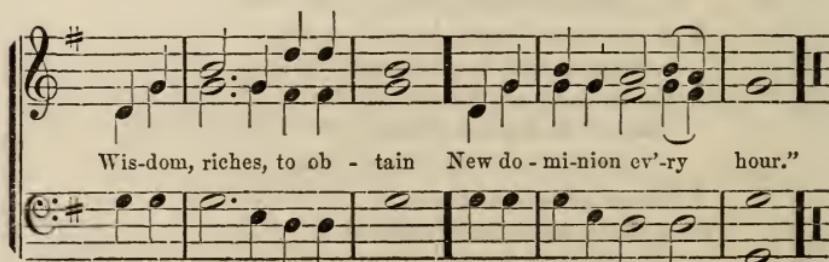
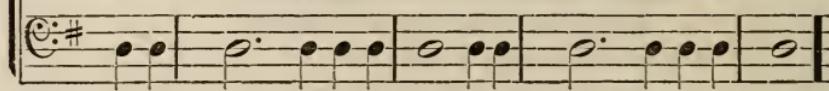
Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu-mer-a - ble throng,



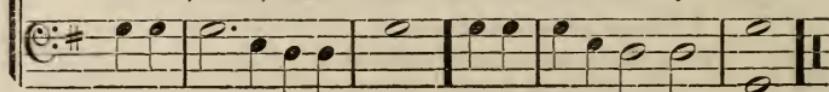
Round the al - tar night and day, Tun-ing their tri-um-phant song?



“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honour, glory, power,



Wis-dom, riches, to ob - tain New do - mi-nion ev'ry hour.”



## 114

7s.

*The saints in heaven.*

- 1 WHO are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Tuning their triumphant song ?  
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain  
New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod,  
These from great affliction came ;  
Now, before the throne of God,  
Seal’d with his eternal name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer’s might,  
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed :  
Them the Lamb amid the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead.  
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
Perfect love dispels their fears ;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

## 115

7s.

*Heavenly anticipations.*

- 1 IF ’tis sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer ;  
If ’tis sweet with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise ; —  
Passing sweet that state must be  
Where they meet eternally.
- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations for above ;  
While we worship in this place,  
May we grow from grace to grace,  
Till we, each in his degree,  
Fit for endless glory be.

## FREDERICK. 11s.

KINGSLEY.

I would not live al-way : I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter

storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid mornings that

dawn on us here, Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.

## 116

11s.

*I would not live alway.*

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin ;  
Temptation without and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway : no—welcome the tomb !  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom ;  
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noon tide of glory eternally reigns ;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet :  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

## 117

11s.

*Precious promises.*

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
What more can he say than to you he has said ?  
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, so thy succour shall be.
- 3 The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes :  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake !

## ANTIOCH. C. M. Arranged from HANDEL.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be - lie-ver's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds,

And drives a - way his fears,

And drives a - way his fears, And drives a - way his fears,

And drives a - way his fears, And

And drives a - way his fears.

fears, And drives, And drives a - way his fears.

drives a - way his fears, And drives a - way his fears.

## 118

C. M.

*Christ precious.*

- 2 IT makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

## 119

C. M.

*God eternal and unchangeable.*

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!  
How frail and weak are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere earth or heaven was made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present to thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears  
To thee there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares;  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

## SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.

120

C. M.

*Sorrow for the sufferings of the Saviour*

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of-grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

## 121

C. M.

*The love of a dying Saviour.*

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree !  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend !  
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;  
"Receive my soul !" he cries :  
See where he bows his sacred head !  
He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine ;  
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine !

## 122

C. M.

*Tribute to the Lamb.*

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
To be exalted thus ;  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord ! for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise !

## ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.

O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,

And light to shine up - on the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

123

C. M.  
*Walking with God.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
And light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame!  
And purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 124

C. M.

*Christ's compassion.*

1 HOW condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,  
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.

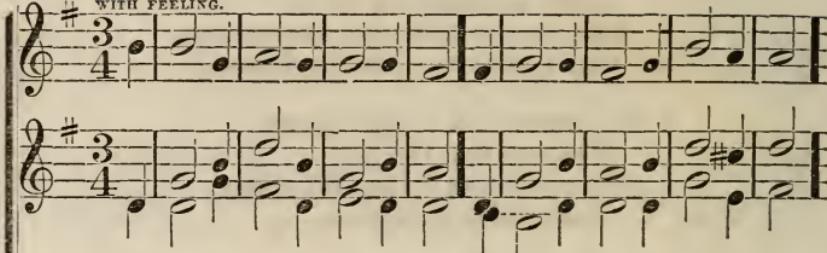
3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great:  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor should his saints forget.

4 Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesus' dying love:  
Hard is the heart that never feels  
One soft affection move.

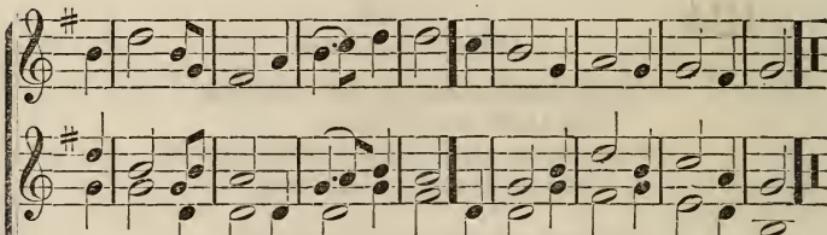
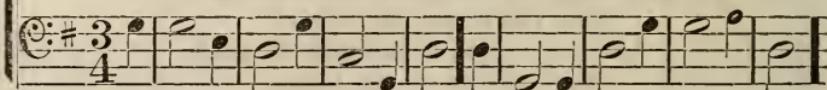
5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record,  
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## ROTHERHAM. L. M.

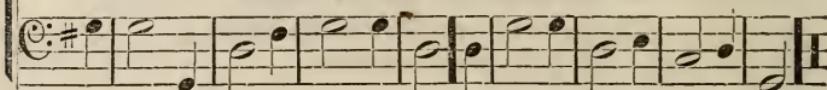
WITH FEELING.



Show pi - ty, Lord ! O Lord, forgive ! Let a re - pent-ing sin-ner live :



Are not thy mer-cies large and free ? May not the con-trite trust in thee ?



125

L. M.  
*Penitence.*

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !  
Let a repenting sinner live :  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 With shame my numerous sins I trace  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
And, though my prayer thou shouldst not hear,  
My doom is just and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord !  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Seeks for some precious promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

- 4 My sins are great, but don't surpass  
The riches of eternal grace ;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 5 O wash my soul from every stain,  
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain ;  
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And every power shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

126

L. M.  
*Christ's intercession.*

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,  
(What joy the blest assurance gives !)  
And now, before his Father, God,  
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And justice arm'd with frowns appears ;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts !  
Above our fears, above our faults,  
His powerful intercessions rise,  
And guilt recedes and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend—  
On him our humble hopes depend :  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

## WATCHMAN, TELL US, &amp;c. 7s.

With deliberation, and rather ad. lib.

*Solo.—SOPRANO.*

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,

*Solo.—TENOR.*

While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high;

*Solo.—SOPRANO.*

Hide me, O my Sa-viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

*Solo.—TENOR.*

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

*CHORUS.*

*CHORUS.*

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

*CHORUS.*

## 127

7s.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
     Let me to thy bosom fly,  
     While the billows near me roll,  
         While the tempest still is high ;  
     Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
         Till the storm of life is past ;  
     Safe into the haven guide,  
         O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
     Lo ! I, helpless, hang on thee ;  
     Leave, O leave me not alone,  
         Lest I basely shrink and flee :  
     Thou art all my trust and aid,  
         All my help from thee I bring ;  
     Cover my defenceless head  
         With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
     Boundless love in thee I find :  
     Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
         Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
     Just and holy is thy name :  
         I'm all unrighteousness ;  
     Vile and full of sin I am,  
         Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
     Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
     Let the healing streams abound,  
         Make and keep me pure within.  
     Thou of life the fountain art,  
         Freely let me take of thee :  
     Reign, O Lord, within my heart,  
         Reign to all eternity.



## MARTYN. 7s.

B. S. MARSH.

Musical score for 'MARTYN.' 7s. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by '6' over '4') and the third staff is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The key signature is one flat. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and slurs. The lyrics are as follows:

Rock of a - ges, cleft for me ! Let me hide my-self in thee ;

Continuation of the musical score for 'MARTYN.' 7s. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by '6' over '4') and the third staff is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The key signature is one flat. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and slurs. The lyrics are as follows:

Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flow'd,

Final continuation of the musical score for 'MARTYN.' 7s. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by '6' over '4') and the third staff is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The key signature is one flat. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and slurs. The lyrics are as follows:

Be of sin the per-fect cure ; Save me, Lord ! and make me pure.

## 128

7s.

*Rock smitten; or the Rock of Ages.*

- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me !  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side that flow'd,  
Be of sin the perfect cure ;  
Save me, Lord ! and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone :  
In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me !  
Let me hide myself in thee.

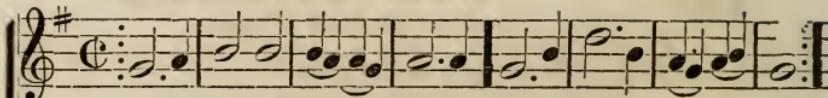
## 129

7s.

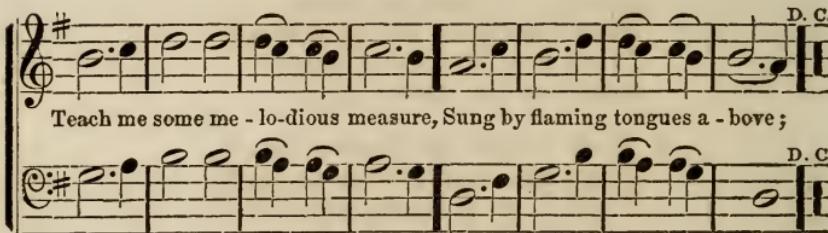
*Sun of Righteousness.*

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;  
Day-spring from on high, be near ;  
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
If thy light is hid from me ;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;—  
Till thy inward light impart  
Warmth and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill me, radiant Sun divine ;  
Scatter all my unbelief ;  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

## MIDDLETON. 8s &amp; 7s.



Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
 Streams of mer-cy ne-ver ceas-ing, Calls for songs of loud-est praise.  
 D. C. Fill my soul with sa-cred plea-sure, While I sing re-deem-ing love.



## 130.

8s &amp; 7s.

*Grateful recollections on the journey of life.*

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,  
     Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
     Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
     Calls for songs of loudest praise :
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
     Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
     Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
     While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,  
     Hither by thy help I've come,  
     And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
     Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
     Wandering from the fold of God ;  
     He, to save my soul from danger,  
     Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 O to grace how great a debtor  
     Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
     Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
     Bind my wandering heart to thee !

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

## 131

8s &amp; 7s.

*Christ our friend.*

1 ONE there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood !  
 But this Saviour died to have us  
 Reconcil'd in him to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name ;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften !  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
 We, alas ! forget too often  
 What a Friend we have above.

## 132

8s &amp; 7s.

*Glory of Christ.*

1 JESUS, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide ;  
 All the heavenly host adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
 There thou dost our place prepare :  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne.

133

S. M.

*Heavenly joy on earth.*

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God who rules on high,  
Who all the earth surveys,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas:

4 This awful God is ours,  
     Our Father and our love;  
     He will send down his heavenly powers  
     To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,  
     And never, never sin!  
     There, from the rivers of his grace,  
     Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise  
     To that immortal state,  
     The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
     Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found  
     Glory begun below—  
     Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
     From faith and hope may grow.

8 Then let our songs abound,  
     And every tear be dry;  
     We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
     To fairer worlds on high.

## 134

S. M.

*The pleasures of conversion.*

1 HOW various and how new  
     Are thy compassions, Lord!  
     Each morning shall thy mercies show,  
     Each night thy love record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,  
     Dawn'd on our early days,  
     Ere infant reason had begun  
     To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld  
     Gave pleasure to our eyes,  
     And nature all our senses held  
     In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd  
     Awaited that blest day,  
     When light arose upon our mind  
     To chase our sins away.

## OLMUTZ. S. M.

And shall we still be slaves, And in our fet - ters lie,

When summon'd by a voice di-vine T' assert our li - ber - ty.

135

S. M.

*Freedom in the death of Jesus.*

- 1 AND shall we still be slaves,  
And in our fettters lie,  
When summon'd by a voice divine  
T' assert our liberty !
- 2 Did the great Saviour bleed,  
Our freedom to obtain ?  
And shall we trample on his blood,  
And glory in our chain ?
- 3 Shall we go on in sin,  
Because thy grace abounds ;  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds ?

4 Forbid it, mighty God !  
     Nor let it e'er be said  
     That those, for whom thy Son has died,  
         In vice are lost and dead.

5 The man that durst despise  
     The law that Moses brought,  
     Behold ! how terribly he dies  
         For his presumptuous fault.

6 But sorcer vengeance falls  
     On that rebellious race,  
     Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
         And dare resist his grace.

## 136

S. M.

*Death temporal and eternal.*

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,  
     Rest for the weary soul ?  
     'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
         Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
     The bliss for which we sigh :  
     'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
         Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
     There is a life above,  
     Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—  
         And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang  
     Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
     O what eternal horrors hang  
         Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace !  
     Teach us that death to shun :—  
     Lest we be driven from thy face,  
         And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest—  
     Alone are found in thee  
     The life of perfect love—the rest  
         Of immortality.

## MORNING HYMNS.

137

C. M. PETERBOROUGH, (p. 416.)  
*The fear of God.*

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven  
     While yet they sojourn here,  
     Humbly begin their days with God,  
     And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal  
     Prevent the dawning day;  
     And turn the sacred pages o'er,  
     And praise thy name and pray.

3 Midst hourly cares may love present  
     Its incense to thy throne;  
     And, while the world our hands employs,  
     Our hearts be thine alone.

4 At night we lean our weary heads  
     On thy paternal breast;  
     And, safely folded in thine arms,  
     Resign our powers to rest.

5 In solid, pure delights, like these,  
     Let all my days be passed;  
     Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
     Nor shall I fear the last.

138

C. M. PETERBOROUGH, (p. 416.)  
*Morning prayer for Divine protection.*

1 TO thee let my first offerings rise,  
     Whose sun creates my day;  
     Swift as the gladdening influence flies,  
     And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,  
     So oft vouchsafed before!  
     Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
     And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy Providence impart,  
     For which, resign'd, I pray,  
     Give me to feel the grateful heart  
     That, without guilt, is gay.

4 Affliction shouldst thou please to send,  
     As sin's or folly's cure,  
     Patient to gain that blessed end,  
     May I the means endure.

5 Be this and every future day  
     Still wiser than the past;  
     That, from the whole of life's survey,  
     I may find peace at last.

139

C. M. PETERBOROUGH, (p. 416.)

*God's goodness renewed every morning and evening.*

1 GREAT God ! my early vows to thee  
     With gratitude I'll bring ;  
     And at the rosy dawn of day  
     Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou, round the heavenly arch dost draw  
     A dark and sable veil,  
     And all the beauties of the world  
     From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky with golden beams  
     Thy skilful hands adorn,  
     And paint, with cheerful splendour gay,  
     The fair ascending morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,  
     Or smiling day renewes,  
     Thy constant goodness still my soul  
     With benefits pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee  
     With evening incense bring ;  
     And at the rosy dawn of day  
     Thy lofty praises sing.

## EVENING HYMNS.

140

C. M. ARLINGTON, (p. 428.)  
*Evening prayer and praise.*

- 1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care,  
I've pass'd another day,  
Let me this night thy mercy share ;  
O teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, that I may mourn  
My guilt before thy face ;  
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,  
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare  
The tokens of thy love ;  
And every hour thy grace prepare  
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes  
To sleep in death's embrace,  
Let me to heaven and glory rise,  
To see thy smiling face.

141

C. M. ARLINGTON, (p. 428.)

- 1 NOW from the altar of our hearts  
Let incense flames arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love, awake our joy ;  
Awake, our hearts and tongue :  
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,  
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favours, and new joys  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our heart's desire.

5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set  
 New time upon our score,  
 Thee may we praise for all our time,  
 When time shall be no more.

## 142

C. M. ARLINGTON, (p. 428.)

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,  
     In vain my soul would try  
     To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
     The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
     My rising and my rest,  
     My public walks, my private ways,  
     And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
     Before they're form'd within;  
     And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
     He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,  
     Where can a creature hide?  
     Within thy circling arms I lie,  
     Enclos'd on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
     And like a bulwark prove,  
     To guard my soul from every ill,  
     Secur'd by sovereign love.

## 143

C. M. ARLINGTON, (p. 428.)

- 1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,  
     Through all the hours of night,  
     And grant to me most graciously  
     The safeguard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes  
     Since thou wilt not remove;  
     O in the morning let me rise  
     Rejoicing in thy love!
- 3 Or, if this night should prove the last,  
     And end my transient days,  
     Lord, take me to thy promis'd rest,  
     Where I may sing thy praise.

## 144

C. M. ARLINGTON, (p. 428)  
*Saturday night.*

- 1 BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,  
 Nor dare to tempt my sight;  
 Let me begin th' ensuing day,  
 Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise  
 Employ my heart and tongue :  
 Begin, my soul ;—thy Sabbath-days  
 Can never be too long.
- 3 Let the past mercies of the week  
 Excite a grateful fraime ;  
 Nor let my tongue refuse to speak  
 Some good of Jesus' name.
- 4 On wings of expectation borne,  
 My hopes to heaven ascend ;  
 I long to welcome in the morn,  
 With thee the day to spend.

## 145

L. M. HEBRON, (p. 426.)

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light:  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings  
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The ill that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself, and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed ;  
 Teach me to die, that so I may  
 Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 Lord, let my soul for ever share  
 The bliss of thy paternal care :  
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
 To see thy face and sing thy love !

146

L. M. HEBRON, (p. 426.)

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song  
With humble gratitude I raise ;  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And every gently rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,  
Preserve me from surrounding harm :  
Can danger reach me while the Lord  
Extends his kind, protecting arm ?
- 4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close ;  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame :  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name.

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## SABBATH MORNING.

147

C. M. BARBY, (p. 444.)  
*The resurrection Sabbath.*

- 1 BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays  
Beheld our rising God ;  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his dark abode !
- 2 In the cold prison of the tomb  
Our dear Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our God in vain ;  
The sleeping conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,  
 These sacred hours we pay,  
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
 The triumph of the day.

148

C. M. BARBY, (p. 444.)  
*Lord's-day morning.*

1 ON this sweet morn my Lord arose  
 Triumphant o'er the grave!  
 He dies to vanish all my foes,  
 And lives again to save.

2 This is the day for holy rest,  
 Yet clouds will gather soon,  
 Except my Lord becomes my guest,  
 And put my harp in tune.

3 No heavenly fire my heart can raise,  
 Without the Spirit's aid ;  
 His breath must kindle prayer and praise,  
 Or I am cold and dead.

4 On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,  
 And saving health convey ;  
 A sweet, refreshing Sunday shower  
 Will make them sing and pray.

5 Direct thy shepherds how to feed  
 The flocks of thine own choice ;  
 Give savour to the heavenly bread,  
 And bid the folds rejoice.

149

C. M. BARBY, (p. 444.)  
*Christ's resurrection and our salvation.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
 He calls the hours his own :  
 Let heaven rejoice ; let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead ;  
 And Satan's empire fell ;  
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
     To David's holy Son ;  
     Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
         Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men  
     With messages of grace ;  
     Who comes in God his Father's name,  
         To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strain .  
     The church on earth can raise ;  
     The highest heavens in which he reigns,  
         Shall give him nobler praise.

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## SABBATH EVENING.

150

L. M. STONINGTON, (p. 450.)  
*The eternal Sabbath.*

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
     But there's a nobler rest above ;  
     To that our longing souls aspire,  
         With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
     Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;  
     No groans to mingle with the songs,  
         Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
     No cares to break the long repose ;  
     No midnight shade, no clouded sun  
         Obscures the lustre of thy throne.

4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,  
     And give us but the lowest seat ;  
     We'll shout thy praise, and join the song  
         Of the triumphant, holy throng.

## FAMILY RELIGION.

**151**

L. M. OLD HUNDRED, (p. 454.)

- 1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,  
Hast to the saints a refuge been ;  
Through every age, eternal God !  
Their pleasing home—their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,  
And were with thy protection blest ;  
Behold their sons, a feeble race !  
We come to fill our fathers' place.
- 3 Through all the thorny paths we tread,  
Ere we are number'd with the dead,  
When friends desert—and foes invade,  
Be thou our all-sufficient aid !
- 4 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell on earth no more,  
To thee, great God ! may we ascend,  
And find an everlasting friend.
- 5 To thee our infant race we'll leave ;  
Them may their fathers' God receive ;  
That voices, yet unform'd, may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

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## THE SEASONS.

**152**C. M. CORONATION, (p. 474.)  
*Winter.*

- 1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round ;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart ;  
And drooping lifeless, nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,  
     In night's dark mantle clad,  
     Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,  
         How desolate and sad !

4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring  
     Thy soul-reviving ray ;  
     This mental winter shall be spring,  
         This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,  
     Where spring eternal reigns ;  
     And perfect day, the smile of God,  
         Fills all the heavenly plains !

6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,  
     My drooping joys restore,  
     And guide me to the seats of day,  
         Where winter chills no more.

## EARLY PIETY.

153

C. M. DEVIZES, (p. 486.)

*The first great object.*

1 RELIGION is the chief concern  
     Of mortals here below ;  
     May I its great importance learn,  
         Its sovereign virtue know !

2 More needful this, than glittering wealth,  
     Or aught the world bestows ;  
     Nor reputation, food, and health,  
         Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
     Amid our youthful bloom ;  
     'Twill fit us for declining age,  
         And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
     Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
     And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
         His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love  
     Be join'd with godly fear ;  
     And all my conversation prove  
         My heart to be sincere.

## TIME—ETERNITY.

154

C. M. ROCHESTER, (p. 506.)  
*Death at hand.*

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name !  
And humbly own to thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives are shortening still,  
As months and days increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Great God ! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things !  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Yet while a world of joy or wo  
Depends on every breath,  
Thoughtless and unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death.
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road ;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

155

C. M. MARLOW, (p. 520.)  
*Breathing after holiness.*

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !
- 2 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

- 3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,  
A stricter watch to keep ;  
And, should I ere forget thy way,  
Restore thy wandering sheep.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;  
'Tis a delightful road :  
Nor let my lips, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against our God.

156

C. M. MARLOW, (p. 520.)

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys !  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 Dear Lord ! and shall we always live  
At this poor, dying rate ?  
Our love so cold, so faint to thee,  
And thine to us so great.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

157

C. M. MARLOW, (p. 520.)

*Living near to God.*

- 1 O COULD I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God :  
Then should my hours glide sweet away  
And lean upon his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day ;  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore;  
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,  
 My soul shall love thee more.

## 158

C. M. ST. MARTIN'S, (p. 524.)  
*Holy fortitude.*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross?  
 A follower of the Lamb!  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Shall I be carried to the skies,  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord,  
 To bear the cross, endure the shame,  
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they die;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 With faith's discerning eye.

## 159

L. M. ROTHERHAM, (p. 526.)  
*Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
 Down to the gulf of black despair,  
 And while I listen'd to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
 That warn'd me of that dark abyss,  
 That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above  
     I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes ;  
     O for the pinions of a dove  
         To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the bosom of my God,  
     Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
     There would I fix my last abode,  
         And drown the sorrows of my soul.

160

L. M. ROTHERHAM, (p. 526.)

*Crucifixion to the world by the cross.*

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
     On which the Prince of glory died,  
     My richest gain I count but loss,  
         And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
     Save in the death of Christ my God ;  
     All the vain things that charm me most,  
         I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
     Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
     Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
         Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
     That were a present far too small ;  
     Love so amazing, so divine,  
         Demands my soul, my life, my all.

161

L. M. ROTHERHAM, (p. 526.)

*Dismission, or a parting hymn.*

1 CHRISTIANS and brethren ! ere we part,  
     Join every voice and every heart ;  
     One solemn hymn to God we'll raise,  
         One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians ! we here may meet no more,  
     But there is yet a happier shore ;  
     And there, releas'd from toil and pain,  
         Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

3 Now to our God, the Three in One,  
     Be everlasting glory done ;  
     Raise ye, his saints, the sound again,  
         Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

## 162

L. M. ROTHERHAM, (p. 526.)  
*The Mercy-seat.*

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
 'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads,  
 A place than all besides more sweet—  
 It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend.  
 Though sunder'd far—by faith they meet  
 Around one common Mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
 Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?
- 5 There! *there* on eagle-wings we soar,  
 And sin and sense seem all no more;  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.
- 6 O let my hand forget her skill,  
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
 This bounding heart forget to beat,  
 If I forget the Mercy-seat.

## 163

L. M. MIGDOL, (p. 472.)  
*"Behold, I stand at the door."*

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!  
 He gently knocks—has knock'd before,  
 Hath waited long—is waiting still:  
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude, he stands  
 With melting heart and loaded hands!  
 O, matchless kindness! and he shows  
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
 He will; the very friend you need;  
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,  
 With garments dy'd on Calvary.

- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine ;  
Turn out his enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,  
His feet departed ne'er return ;  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

164

L. M. STONINGTON, (p. 450.)  
*The offer of pardon.*

- 1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far,  
From Calvary it sounds abroad ;  
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear ;  
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 2 And is it true that many fly  
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,  
And rather choose in sin to die  
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice !
- 3 Alas for those !—the day is near  
When mercy will be heard no more ;  
Then will they ask, in vain, to hear  
The voice they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,  
But now I know how great their loss ;  
For sweeter sounds were never heard  
Than mercy utters from the cross.

165

L. M. ROTHERHAM, (p. 526.)  
*The wanderer invited to return.*

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injur'd Father's face ;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart ;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
     And wipe away the falling tear :  
     'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
     'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

166

L. M. FOREST, (p. 508.)

*My Spirit shall not always strive.*

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within  
     Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,  
     Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,  
     And yield thy heart to God's control ?

2 Hath something met thee in the path  
     Of worldliness and vanity,  
     And pointed to the coming wrath,  
     And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee ?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,—  
     It was the Spirit's gracious call ;  
     It bade thee make the better choice,  
     And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;  
     Regard in time the warning kind ;  
     That call thou may'st not always slight,  
     And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive  
     With harden'd self-destroying man ;  
     Ye, who persist his love to grieve,  
     May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner—perhaps this very day  
     Thy last accepted time may be ;  
     O shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
     Then hope may never beam on thee.

167

L. M. ROTHERHAM, (p. 526.)

*Hardness of heart lamented.*

1 O FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
     To take this stubborn heart away,  
     And thaw with beams of love divine  
     This heart, this frozen heart of mine !

2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;  
     The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;  
     Of feeling all things show some sign,  
     But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
O Lord, an adamant might melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear,  
(Amazing thought!) unmov'd I hear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!  
Apply to me the Saviour's blood;  
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,  
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

## 168

C. M. AZMON, (p. 438.)

*Spiritual sloth deprecated.*

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
Awake, my sluggish soul!  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,  
Labour, and toil, and strive;  
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain  
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move;  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown.  
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still?  
And never act our parts?  
Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,  
Renew and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise;  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
We'll fly and take the prize.

## 169

C. M. MARLOW, (p. 520.)

*Praise for the fountain opened.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins :  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
O there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away !
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
'Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save ;  
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
(Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine ;  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but thine.

## 170

C. M. HOWARD, (p. 492.)

*The delights of heaven inconceivable.*

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father has prepar'd  
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heaven to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame :  
None shall obtain admittance there,  
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life  
There all their names are found ;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heavenly ground.

171

C. M. AZMON, (p. 438.)

*Prayer for a renewed heart.*

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free !  
A heart that always feels thy blood  
So freely spilt for me !

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne ;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine :  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;  
A copy, Lord, of thine !

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

172

S. M. SILVER STREET, (p. 534.)

*Salvation by grace.*

1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !  
Harmonious to the ear !  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way  
     To save rebellious man ;  
     And all the steps *that grace display*  
         Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet  
     To tread the heavenly road ;  
     And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
         While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
     And made my eyes o'erflow :  
     'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
         And will not let me go.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,  
     Through everlasting days ;  
     It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
         And well deserves the praise.

173

S. M. OLMUTZ, (p. 536.)

*For diligence and watchfulness.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
     A God to glorify ;  
     A never-dying soul to save,  
         And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,  
     My calling to fulfil,—  
     O may it all my powers engage,  
         To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
     As in thy sight to live ;  
     And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
         A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
     And on thyself rely,  
     Assured, if I my trust betray,  
         I shall for ever die.

174

S. M. DOVER, (p. 496.)

*Lamb of God.*

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,  
     On Jewish altars slain,  
     Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
         Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine—  
While as a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burden thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice  
And sing his bleeding love.

175

7s. ELTHAM, (p. 516.)

*The new member's declaration.*

1 PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns a fugitive unblest ;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O receive me into rest !

3 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore ;  
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain and loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame, reproach, affliction's power.

6 "Follow me!" I know thy voice;  
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see:  
 Now I take thy yoke by choice,  
 Light's thy burden now to me.

176

8s & 7s. MIDDLETON, (p. 532.)  
*Taking up the cross.*

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee;  
 Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,  
 Thou from hence my all shalt be;  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and heaven are still mine own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
 They have left my Saviour too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love and might,  
 Foes may hate and friends disown me,  
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